

The Carpenter's Apprentices.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Widow Roland stood with her hand on the head of her boy. He was a bright-eyed, robust, healthy-looking fellow, with a face of marked intelligence, and a genial, good-natured expression of countenance. He had a bundle in his hand, and close by was a small trunk, all lashed up ready for travel.

Mark spoke the widow, who is the only child I have in the world—the only one I have left to whom my hopeful love can cling.

The boy, drew more closely to his mother, but did not speak. He hid his face, that she might not see the tears that came to his eyes.

Thus far, my son, the widow resumed, keeping down her own tears, I have done for you the best I could. I have taught you what I thought was right, and have been more than repaid by your loving kindness towards me. But now you are going to leave me. It is hard for you to part but it is for your best good. You must begin to prepare for the business of life, and work out your own support, since the means of supporting us both are not within my reach.

Before I bound you to Mr. Hammond, I assured myself that he was an excellent man—a man upright, kind-hearted, and strictly moral. So you will not fail to find a good example in your master. Now, Mark, I have one very important question to ask of you. Do you know what kind of a man you wish to be when you grow up?

Yes, mother, the boy replied. And what is it?

A good man.

And you would be respected, and beloved and honored by all who know you? asked the mother.

Yes—yes.

Then my child, let this be the rule of your life until that time: If you are ever tempted to take a step not in the ordinary course of your duty, stop and ask yourself this simple question—Will it help make me what I wish to be? And then you may ask—Would my mother advise me to do it?

I would not have you mean and penurious, but still there is a proper care to be exercised over whatever sums of money may come into your possession. Remember that there are two kinds of pleasure—there is a pleasure which fades away with the excitement which produces it; and there is a pleasure which conduces to our lasting good, and thus remains with us beyond the mere hour of its birth. Do you understand me, my son?

Yes, mother.

Then I shall not fear for my boy.

In a little while the stage rolled up and stopped before the door, and the stout driver put on the trunk and bound it in his place. Mark Roland kissed his mother, received her blessing, heard one short prayer from her lips, and then hurried into the stage, and hid his face away in his hands. Late in the afternoon he reached a large village, and was set down at the door of a fine house.

He wondered if he was to live in such a dwelling. It was handsome and larger than any house in the town where he had come, and he was beginning to fear that he should never feel at home in such a place, when his meditations were cut short by the appearance of a middle aged man, who had just come out upon the piazza, and who asked if this was Mark Roland.

Mark recognized Mr. Hammond, as he had seen him at his mother's house once, and he replied that he was the boy. His trunk was carried into the house, and he was then conducted to the dining-room, where the family were just ready to set down for supper. He was introduced to Mrs. Hammond and to the larger children, and also to two other apprentices, who were about his own age. He could eat but little, so he had more time to look about him, and observe the countenances of those with whom he was to live. He liked the looks of Mrs. Hammond, and he felt sure that she must be kind and affectionate. And then there was a little girl, whom the hostess called Caddy, but whose real name he found to be Caroline, that he thought he should like very much. She was younger than he was, and a great deal smaller, but she looked good and kind, and pleasant, and he wondered if he would ever learn to love him as his own sweet sister loved him before she died.

He cast many furtive glances at Mr. Hammond, but he could not tell exactly what to make of him. The man had a very sober look, and at times seemed to be stern; but yet there was nothing unpleasant in his look, and when he spoke, his voice was very kind and considerate in its tones.

When it came bed time, Mark found that he was to sleep in a room with the other two apprentices. Their names were James Prout and Thomas Wilson. They seemed to be good natured boys, and our hero thought he should like them very well. But he could not talk much that night, for he thought of his mother—he had never been away from her a night before, and he could think of nothing else. Before he slept, however, he remembered all the instructions he had received, and he pledged himself that he would live up to them—he would be a good man if he lived.

Mr. Hammond's shop was a very large one, and quite a number of hands worked in it. He was the only house-carpenter of any consequence in the place, and he had as business as he could attend to. Mark soon learned how to use the common tools, and at the end of a week he had the satisfaction of hearing his master praise him for his application and good behavior. As soon as he got over his homesickness, he became very happy in his new home. Mrs. Hammond treated him as though he were a child of her own, and Caddy was not long in loving him as he had hoped she would. He did not then realize how much of this was owing to his own gentleness and faithfulness, though he did know that he had resolved from the first to be all that a faithful boy should be.

At length there came a holiday. There was nothing in particular going on in that village, but then it was a holiday, and the apprentices were allowed to have it to spend as they pleased, and their employer gave them half a dollar each to use as they might think proper.

Well, Mark, said James Prout, as soon as they had done breakfast, what you go in to do to-day?

Why, returned Mark, I thought I should take a walk down by the river this morning, and then come home and go to work.

What! cried Tom Wilson, in surprise, Work on 'lection day'? Didn't the old man give you any money?

Yes.

And ain't ye going to spend it?

Not now, replied Mark. It's the first money he has given me—the first I have earned at my trade—and I'll keep it for some good purpose.

Poor! What do you mean by that? asked James. You are going to commence early to be a miser.

No, no—not that, James. I don't mean to save this for the mere gratification of having money, but for the purpose of having something on hand in case I may need it.

In fact, Jim, you and I, both of us, hope to be men one of these days, and we may want to go into business, and have a good home of our own, and we must have money to do this with. Now I have got to begin to save at sometime, and I know of no place so good to begin at as the very beginning of the opportunity.

That's all very well to talk, but it won't do, said Thomas. Come—we'll go to the tavern, and see what's up there, and then go to the bowling-aloon. We'll have a good time. Come.

No, returned Mark. I have no desire to go to either of the places, for I am sure it would do me no good, and I should take no pleasure.

The other apprentices both laughed, and James told him he ought to have been a minister instead of a carpenter.

A carpenter ought to be a good, upright, virtuous man, and as far as manhood is concerned, a minister can be no more, said Mark, rather promptly.

The boys laughed again, but not quite so forcibly this time, and then went away.

Now it so happened that this conversation had taken place in the sink-room, and as Mrs. Hammond was in an adjoining pantry at work washing the breakfast dishes, she overheard the whole of it, and it was perfectly natural that she should go and tell her husband about it.

In the meantime Mark walked away down by the river, where the spring flowers grew in wild luxuriance, and here he sat down by the water's edge, and reflected upon the occurrences of the morning. He threw a chip into the river, and as he saw it sail away, a lesson was suggested to his mind. How like a human being was that tiny chip, and how like human life the water. The current was fortune, and it must bear a man down to the great ocean if he once gives up to the tide. Was it well to go to the ocean? If not, did not venture upon the river. If it would be well, then take the current, and sail away.

Mark was perfectly satisfied with the course he had pursued, and by and by he arose from his seat, and plucked a lot of the sweet flowers that grew around him, which he made into two bouquets, and then he went home. One of the bouquets he gave to Mrs. Hammond, and the other to Caddy. They thanked him very kindly. Caddy gave him a kiss, and he thought that his mistress regarded him with more tenderness than usual. With a light heart he went to the shop where he found his master.

What—at work to-day? asked Mr. Hammond.

Yes, sir, replied Mark. I would rather work here than spend my time doing nothing.

Well, well, replied the carpenter, with a look and tone of gratification, I am glad you feel so, for I have work that I want done, and for what you do to-day I will pay you. I want the rails got out for the doors of Mr. Richardson's house. If I give you the dimensions, do you think you could saw them out and plane them?

Mark said he would like to try, and he was allowed to do so; and by the middle of the afternoon he had them all done and had earned a dollar. Mr. Hammond complimented him very highly upon the manner in which the work was done, and told him that he should soon have an opportunity to earn something for himself.

After an early supper, Caddy came running out into the yard, and asked Mark if he would not like to go and ride.

Papa says he would like to have you go. There are two seats in the carriage, you and me, and papa and mamma can have one, and you and I can have the other.

At first the boy hesitated; but when he understood that it was his master's wish that he should go, he assented. The carriage was a very easy one, and it was very pleasant to ride by Caddy's side. They rode through a beautiful wood, and around through a fine village which Mark had never before seen, and got home about nine o'clock.

Well, said Mr. Hammond, as Mark started for his chamber, don't you feel as well as you would if you had gone off and spent your money and your time for trifling amusements?

O—I feel a deal better, sir, replied the boy.

I am glad it is so, added his master, and there the conversation ended.

When the three apprentices had been with their employer a year, he told them that, when his work was so that it could be done by them, they might have their stents set for them, and he would pay them for all the over-work they could do. They were very much pleased with this, and for some time they were able to earn from one to two dollars a week.

What do you do with your money, Mark? asked James Prout, as the three apprentices came out together from supper one evening.

I am laying it up was the answer.

You never spend a cent with us, said Thomas Wilson.

Because I have no occasion to spend any, replied Mark.

But you'd enjoy a good time as well as any of us if you'd only think so.

I do enjoy good times.

How, I'd like to know?

Why, in hoping that I may be a man one of these days, and be able to do some good in the world.

Lol-le-doll-le-doll-le-doll! cried James. What a pattern'd you'll make if you grow up. (He'll make a pattern you'll wish you had copied, said a voice from the woodshed, but the boys did not hear it.)

That, though I might better use the word happiness than amusement. If I thought I should find more happiness in some other course, I should most certainly pursue it. I would not ask you to spend a penny for my pleasure, nor would I urge you to do anything which I did not think was for your good.

You have asked me to go with you to the shop; now I ask you to go with me to the shop. I am going to earn half a dollar to-night.

Tom and Jim laughed at him, and then went off, while he went to the shop and rolled up his sleeves, and went to work.

Mr. Raymond went into the house and told his wife what he had heard, and then he remarked—

I am going to give that boy one final trial, and if he proves true in that, he shall have all the care and confidence I could give a son.

He put on his hat and went out, and when he stopped it was before a small, mean hut, at the outskirts of the village, in which lived an old woman named Polly Brun.

Hammond opened the door and went in, and found Polly sitting by her sheet-iron stove, steeping some herbs tea.

Al, Polly, how'd you do? said the visitor.

God Bless ye, Mr. Hammond, I'm jes' so as I was when I seed ye last.

Then you're no worse, added the carpenter, taking a seat upon an old chest.

No, sir, replied the old woman. While God gives me such noble, generous friends as you are, I can't get much worse and live. Heaven knows what poor Polly would a done the long winter that's passed if it hadn't been for you, sir.

I am glad you are grateful, Polly, for that's a part of the reward I get for doing such things. But I have come on business now. Just listen to me; I have three apprentices—you know them.

Yes, sir—I know them some often.

Well, I want to try them. They all know you, and they know that you are poor and worthy. They know that you have suffered great misfortunes, and that you are a fit object of charity. Now will you contrive it for me? Will you try them on the first opportunity, and let me know the result?

Polly promised that she would, and Mr. Hammond then took his leave.

A few days after this Polly Brun met James Prout and Thomas Wilson in the street. They had done work, and were on their way to find amusement for the evening. She stopped them and begged for charity. She told her sufferings and her wants, and said that any sum no matter how small, would help her.

You must go to somebody that's got more money than we have, said James.

But a few pence, urged the woman.

We haven't it to spare, so don't trouble us. Even the money ye paid for them cigars ye're smokin' would help me more than you can imagine, pursued Polly.

And it will help us too, retorted Tom; and then, with a laugh, he pulled his companion away, and they went off.

Shortly afterwards Polly met Mark Roland on his way to the shop. She stopped him as he had done the others, and told him the same story of suffering and want.

Really, ma'am, returned the youth, I haven't got much money, but I should like to help you. I know you are poor and need help.

What—a dollar help you?

The Lord bless ye, I couldn't have asked so much from you, my dear lad.

Then you shall have a dollar, said Mark happily. Just you wait here a minute.

He ran to the house, and when he returned he had two silver half dollars in his hand, which he gave to her, remarking as he did so—

If I should die, as all your children have died, and my mother should become poor and helpless, I should hope that she might find friends.

She would, she would, cried the old woman, moved to tears by the boy's words—God won't suffer the mother of such a son to be forsaken.

Mark felt a new kind of happiness as he went to work that evening, and as he reflected upon the event which had transpired, he felt that he had done right, and that his mother would be happy if she knew it.

And while Mark was at work, old Polly went into the carpenter's house and told her story. Mr. Hammond listened to her till she finished, and then he said—

The boy is true as I had hoped he would be. I can truly say—"He has been tried, and is not found wanting."

When Mark went to live with Mr. Hammond he was fourteen years old. During the first year he had earned but little, but on the second year he had up seventy-five dollars from the proceeds of his over-work. After this he fared better. His employer showed him no undue partiality, though the other two apprentices thought he did. They were conversing about it in the shop one noon, when Mr. Hammond happened to come in just as a plain remark dropped from the lips of James Prout.

What is that, boys? asked the carpenter. Do you say that I am partial to Mark Roland?

The two apprentices were confused, and seemed lost to speak their opinions, but their employer pressed them, and finally James answered—

You give him better work than you do us, sir.

What do you mean by that? demanded Mr. Hammond.

Why—he works on better work, and when he gets overwork he can make more, replied James.

Look ye, boys—I am glad I know how you feel, for I can set you right. Answer me this: have I devoted more moment of time or attention to Mark than I have to you? Now think carefully, look over the time you have been in the shop together, and then answer me.

No, sir, said James, I don't know as you have.

Then listen further: I want two nice four-panel doors made for the new store. I will give you the dimensions, and you may get out the stuff and make and finish them, and when they are done you shall have your pay.

But, stammered James, we can't make a door.

Why not?

We never learned.

What taught Mark to make it?

I don't know, sir.

Yes, you do know, said Mr. Hammond sternly. You know that he picked up the information while you were off enjoying yourselves. At first he offered to help the journeymen during his spare time, when they were driven, and they not only accepted his offer, but they did just what he wished them to do—they taught him all they could. One evening he came to me, after working hours, and wanted to buy a couple of pine boards. I asked him what he wanted them for, and he told me he only wanted to try and see what he could make of them. I asked no more questions, but made him a present of the boards. Two days after I saw a door standing in the shop, and I asked one of the journeymen where it came from, and he told me it was one Mark Roland had made. It was as good and perfect a piece of work as was ever done in this shop, and is now hung in Mr. Snow's parlor. Not a particle of instruction had he ever received from me in that department of the trade. He had gained it all by his own exertions; and if I know give him better work than I do you, it is simply because he can do it while you cannot. And now, boys, I have one word more to say. While you have behaved with decorum, and kept free from absolute evil, I have not felt called upon to interfere with what you have been pleased to call your pleasures; but I may tell you now that you will both see the time, if you live, when you will wish that you had followed the example of the companion with whom you have found so much fault. The way is still open for you, and I give you my word that you may learn all you can, and that you shall profit by all you learn.

The two apprentices had something to ponder upon when they were left alone, but they did not profit by it. Like too many others, they not only disliked working when they could avoid it, but they spent their spare time in seeking for those kinds of enjoyment which give the most excitement while they last, and last not when the excitement is passed. They did some work, and made considerable money; but it all went for amusement, and they were none the better for it.

In the meantime Mark worked on in the path he had marked out. He saw the goal ahead—AN HONORED AND RESPECTED MAN—and he moved steadily and industriously towards it. During the third year of his apprenticeship he earned one hundred dollars. During the fourth he earned one hundred and fifty, and he was now eighteen years of age. He not only made the best use of the few months of each year, allowed him for schooling, but he had gained a taste for knowledge, and he applied most of his leisure time to its acquisition.

And so the years rolled around, and when James Prout and Thomas Wilson were one-and-twenty they had become good carpenters. They had "learned the trade," and had learned but little else. They could handle all the tools, and fashion all the parts of an ordinary dwelling. They took a few weeks by themselves for recreation and pleasure, and then came back, and Mr. Hammond hired them, paying them journeymen's wages. They had no money saved up, nor did they even now seem to lay any plans in that direction.

A few months after this Mark Roland was twenty-one.

Well, Mark said Jim Prout, what you go in to do now? Let out to the old man, eh?

Not exactly, replied Mark. Mr. Hammond said, some time ago, that he should like a partner. His business has increased to such an extent that he wants part of the care and responsibility removed from his shoulders. I am going to make him an offer. Not to be his partner? cried Tom Wilson, in surprise.

Why not? returned our hero. Do you not think I have knowledge enough of the business?

O—isn't that, said Tom. We know he offered, rather reluctantly, that you are one of the best workmen in the country.

And I understand the whole science of architecture, and can raise a comely and harmonious structure from my own plans and designs, interposed Mark.

Yes—I know it, admitted Tom. But the old man wants fifteen hundred dollars for half of the shop and business.

Well—I can pay eleven hundred down, and I think he will wait for the rest.

You? Eleven hundred?—Eleven hundred dollars?

Certainly, said our hero. I have that sum saved up. Just remember that I have averaged a dollar and a half a week for my over-work during the first year Mr. Hammond allowed me to do it. The next year I made a hundred. And so I have worked along. And I have had my money where it has been paying me something besides. So you see that I have not hoarded up money for the mere sake of keeping it, but for the purpose of spending it to the best advantage when the need should come.

The two journeymen went away to their work, and as they piled their planes they wondered upon what they had heard, but they kept their thoughts to themselves.

When Mark made his proposition to Mr. Hammond, it was accepted immediately.

It is the very thing I have been anxious for, the builder said. If you could not have paid me a penny in cash, you should still have been my partner. I need you—I need you for your talent as a mechanic, your genius as an architect, for your honor as a man, and for the influence your sterling character will exert over those about you.

And so Mark became a partner in the establishment, and within a year they were obliged to hire several new journeymen in order to perform the work that was required of them.

And at the end of that year Mark asked Mr. Hammond for the hand of Caddy.

Now I am happy enough, the old man said, as he took his sweet child by the hand, and gave her to the loving youth. I was happy when I knew I could entrust my business to one so true and faithful as yourself, but I am happier now, for the parent never lived who placed a fondly cherished child within the care and keeping of one more worthy and honorable, than he to whom I now give my darling Caddy.

And while Mark was married, Jim Prout and Tom Wilson had a long conversation in their own chamber. They had been talking of Mark—how the business had thrived under his guidance—how he was accumulating property—and how all the people of the town respected and honored him.

He raised our wages of his own accord, said Tom.

Certainly, returned Jim. And he is liberal in all things where he thinks any good can be done. I tell you, Tom, he started in the right road—there's no use in denying it. He commenced right, and stuck to it. I heard some chaps down in the saloon, the other evening, 'kin' about what extraordinary luck he'd had. At one time I might have joined them, but he's been such a friend to me since he came into the business that I couldn't help standing up for him. And I told 'em—says I, if you know how Mark Roland has worked—how firmly he has held heart set upon being what he is, even when he was a boy, and how steadily and perseveringly he has followed up that one object, you wouldn't say it was luck.

And you told 'em right said Tom.

But the proudest, happiest hour of Mark's life, was when he brought his mother to live with him in his own comfortable home, and knew that she realized the full force of the character and position to which he had attained. She bowed her aged head upon his bosom, and murmured, in broken accents, Mark—my own dear boy—if you knew how happy I am in your love and honor, and how I bless God for the son he has given me, you would never regret the labors of the past.

Regret them! returned the youth. Why mother, they have been joyous, blissful hours full of hope and promise. I am just hours the teachings of a good mother made me; and I feel that I am worthy to be called your son.

But still I am no more worthy than every son should be who has a fond and loving parent; and I am no more than any son might be, if he would but make a firm resolution in the outset, and live up to it without hesitation or wavering. Misfortunes may come; but they cannot make a bad man of him who is determined to be good; nor can they take away that wealth of the soul which gladdens the heart of a true parent.

A SHERIFF IN PURSUIT OF A CAPTAIN. During a severe storm about three weeks since, as the ship Charles Sprague, of Newburgh, N. Y., off Cohasset, was under way, a small boat, the crew of which were, Capt. Goddard, came to her aid, and towed her to a place of safety. For this service \$500 was asked, but Capt. Goddard finally agreed to take \$200 and settle the bill at a later date.

But, O, he brought no joy!—My child brought mourning and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see, Though weary months have sped Since I lying lips bent over me, And whispered, "He is dead"—Alas! 'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I no more return to me, —So weary, worn and weak, Death's shadowy presence seems to be, Even now upon my cheek—his cold, On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him, I had him by my side, and I, And, prisoned in a coffin dim, Join death's pale phantom throng—my boy To join that grisly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear To think of this to-day; It was so exquisitely fair, —That little form of clay—my heart, My heart lingers by its side.

And when for one loved far more, Came thickening tears, My star of faith is clouded o'er, I sink beneath my grief—sweet friend, My heavy weight of tears.

O, should he not return to me, Dear mother, and my heart's night? And Mother I can almost see, Even now the gathering bright 'mid soul Faints, stricken by the blight.

O, but to feel fond arms twine Around me once again, I almost seem, those lips of thine Might kiss away the pain—might soothe This dull cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle Mother, though life's storms, I may not lean on thee, For helplessness, guiding little forms, Cling trustfully to me—Four babes! To have no comfort but from thee!

With weary foot, and broken wing, With blood and sweat and sorrow, Thy dove looks back—sorrowing, But seeks the ark no more—thy breast Seeks never—never more.

Sweet mother, for the wanderer pray, That lost feet find their way; Her broken rest all sweet away, That she may lean on Heaven—her soul Grow strong on Christ and Heaven.

All fearfully, all fearfully, All dreadfully, all dreadfully, My eye dim lit to the sky, Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ! To thy dear cross I cling.

THE BELLE OF THE FLOUR BARREL.—The editor of the Portland Argus, who is visiting the Southern States, has written a beautiful woman in New Orleans, who is known as the Belle of the Flour Barrel. She acquired the title in consequence of the following incident:—

Once upon a time a party of fashionable gentlemen were congregated at a distant watering-place, and the gentlemen were very fond of cards, and devoted themselves so closely to those mute companions, that the fairer portion of the party were sadly neglected. They became jealous.

They destroyed all the cards they could get hold of, and took every means to interrupt and divert the gentlemen from an amusement so stupid in comparison with themselves. But the gentlemen were still so ungallant as to persist, and even locked the doors and closed the lower blinds of the saloon. This the ladies determined not to endure, and in order to get a peep into the room, a flour barrel was procured, the lady selected to mount it and get the first look at the wicked men. She did so. She was plump and solid. The head of the barrel was weak and cracked, and down it went and the lady, into the barrel. The hoops slipped over it nicely, and all looked very well, but two sets of hoops were more than enough, at least one set too many. She could not move.

Worse, she was stuck in so solid, that the barrel so full that she could not get out, nor could her lady friends pull her out. After a sufficiency of vain attempts to relieve her, the gentlemen were called, and she was released from close confinement without serious injury.

A MAN'S BRAINS KNOCKED OUT, AND YET HE STILL LIVES.—The Editor (Wis.) Telegraph publishes the following singular case of surgery. The case is that of James Campbell, a laborer in the employ of George C. Irvine, Esq., of Dunn county, whose brains were literally knocked out by the falling of a tree some six weeks ago, and strange to say, he is not only still living, but has regained his faculties, and is able to recover his usual sound health. Dr. Crocker of Dunnville, the surgeon in attendance, thus describes the case: "I found the patient lying insensible, with a large hole broken into his forehead, the skull just over the ear—both the left frontal and parietal bones shattered, and two pieces, one an inch and a half by two inches square, driven completely into the brain, and portions of the brain protruding. After removing the fragments of the bone, I then removed three-fourths of a wine glass of brain, in conjunction with three pieces of the tree which had been driven quite into his head. From the first there was a copious discharge of thin, watery fluid from the ear, of course, through the Eustachian tube. I considered the case hopeless, as for several days after the first dressing the brain continued to ooze out, and pieces as large as a walnut sloughed off before the wound began to cicatrize. The case presents all the remarkable mental phenomena, which will interest physiologists. The patient, before the accident was never known to sing or whistle a tune in his life—but no sooner was he able to speak than he began to sing with perfect correctness, and now displays a taste for music amounting to a passion."

Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates yet? An' sure I have, me, everything but the eggs?—an' isn't that Biddy's work surely?

SWEET MOTHER.

BY MRS. EMILY

The Rockland Gazette,

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Col. Smart's Big Speech.

Col. Smart made a great speech—great in its proportions—in the House of Representatives on Tuesday and Wednesday last week, which spreads over more than three pages of the tri-weekly Age. His speech was upon a motion to recommit the report, with instructions to report to the new county with Camden as the shire-town; that they be instructed to provide that the term of Court now held here shall be continued for five years from last October, thereafter to be held at Camden; that they be instructed to provide that the Registry of Deeds at Thomaston be continued there as the Registry for Knox County for five years from last October, thereafter to be held at Camden; that they be instructed to provide for the proposed county in May, for acceptance or rejection; that if Searmont or Islesboro' give a majority against the bill they may remain in Waldo, and that if either of these towns give such a majority against the project their votes shall not be counted in determining the result. Notwithstanding all the Col.'s eloquence, however, the House concurred in accepting the report.

We have not the space to say much of the Col.'s speech, nor would it serve our citizens any new facts upon the merits of the question, as it repeats the arguments they have already heard from him. In the first portion of his speech he animadverted upon the action of the Committee, and assails Mr. Farwell of this city, Mr. Marshall of Belfast, and other gentlemen. We print a communication from Mr. Farwell relative to this matter, in another column, to which we refer our readers. Mr. Marshall, rising to a question of privilege, in the Senate, on Saturday, replied to the gross attack upon him. That the case of Knox county, as it came before the Legislature, has received a fair and patient investigation, and has been decided according to its merits, and that the gross attacks upon members of the Committee, Senators, Representatives and others, made in the speech of Mr. Smart can only result in discredit upon their author, are both, it seems to us, apparent to the candid observer.

The Col.'s speech is, of course, not without its amusing aspects. He goes out of his way to relate his own early history—his exploits in a saw-mill, and his endeavors to obtain an education—in order to say that he found "Senator Holt, the Chairman of the Committee on Division of Counties, a clerk in Mr. Britton's store." What remote relevance to the subject of the Col.'s speech this recounting of his early deeds could have, we are totally unable to discover. When the Colonel instituted his remarkable comparison between the Gazette and "Old Dr. Jacob Townsend," in his lecture at Bethoven Hall, last December, in which we were the "Old Dr." with the genuine sarsaparilla, with our previous advocacy of a new county in past years, and the Colonel was the imposter, with "S. P. Townsend's article," of a different county with Camden for shire-town by legislative enactment, when he brought out the "Old Dr.'s" label, and read its information concerning the "harmless" difference between the two articles, its caution against the "green labels" which the Old Dr. "never puts upon his bottles," with so much eulogy we did not think that he was to put away the old handbill so carefully, and bring it out again at Augusta to edify the members of the House of Representatives. But lo! the Colonel unfolds it again, and like a mountebank who has learned his part, and has always the same story to tell, he gives the sarsaparilla performance with as much of an air as if he had never been put upon the stage before, only that the "Old Dr." in this instance, is not the Gazette, but "extreme party men about the capital."

The Colonel reserves till the close of his speech, the testimony of three Republican papers concerning the application of the people of the Lane Rock Valley. The Gazette is one of the "Republican papers" to which the Colonel refers, of which he says:

The Rockland Gazette in speaking of my lecture in the city in December last, made use of the following language: "The first two hours of the Col.'s address was devoted to explaining who were opposed to the new county, the reasons of the opposition, and the necessity of the proposed change. But if he had been well posted he might have omitted all this part of his argument." He was speaking to a Rockland audience, and it was well known that the citizens of Rockland have at various times, signified their wish to have a new county in the Lane Rock Valley, and that in addition, the city authorities have petitioned the Legislature for the same thing.

In the former portion of his speech, the Colonel charged us with "an outrageous attempt to give the proposition for a new county a fatal stab" and now he tries to twist an extract from our columns into an approval of his scheme. Let him put a comma where he cut the sentence off, and add the remainder—"and petitions have been extensively circulated in the Col.'s own town, by our citizens, praying for the contemplated change"—and tell us where his interest for Knox county was then.

The Col. cut the extract which he read from an article written for our columns by one of our citizens—a gentleman of experience and judgment—in refutation of the Colonel's plan, showing the weakness of Camden's claims to be the shire-town of the proposed county, and that the more natural division would be to leave off Lincolnton and Searmont and put on Friendship and Cushing; and now he quotes a sentence containing a general statement, in support of his particular scheme—attempting to drag in the voice of this paper to aid his cause, and that, too, by using the words of a gentleman upon whom he had just been making a malignant attack.

As to our attributing to the Colonel political motives, we must hold our opinion that he was not entirely disinterested in his advocacy of Knox County. He has, doubtless, ridden his hobby to some purpose, and might perhaps have ridden it to more. We leave the subject by expressing the opinion contained in the closing paragraph of Mr. Marshall's speech:

"The question of the new county has been fairly heard, and has had an advocate able, ingenious and persevering; and all these resources he has brought into requisition, so far as the objects he esteemed of more importance would allow. That he has not made this his paramount object, is apparent. That he has made his mark here, at the expense of this particular work, for the accomplishment of which he was elected, is well understood; the evidence of this can be found in our legislative records and received its full impress in the last great effort of its advocate, when he aimed rather to injure his opponents, by giving utterance to language calculated to prejudice the cause he was pretending to advocate."

Rockland Bible Society.

The first annual public meeting of the Rockland Bible Society was held at the First Baptist Church, on Sunday evening last, S. C. Fessenden, Esq., presiding. The exercises were opened by a voluntary from the choir, after which prayer was offered by Rev. N. Butler.

The Secretary being absent, Mr. G. W. Kimball read the minutes of the last meeting of the Society, made by him as Secretary pro tem. The Treasurer of the Society, Mr. M. C. Andrews, then made a statement of the finances of the Society, which embraced the following facts:

The Rockland Bible Society has purchased of the American Bible Society, Bibles and Testaments to the amount of \$200.61. Paid to the American Bible Society, as follows: Amount received by the Society for contributions Feb. 4, 1869, \$119.10. Am't received Feb. 22, 1859, 30.25. Aug. 22, 1858, for Books sold, 20.00. Feb. 22, 1859, for Books sold, 19.65. 195.00.

Leaving balance due American Bible Society, \$5.61. Society of Bibles and Testaments have been given away to amount of 4.34. Expenses paid out 2.10. Bibles and Testaments on hand to the amount of 154.52. A communication from the Executive Committee was then read, recommending that the gentlemen whose names follow be chosen as the officers of the Society for the ensuing year, and they were unanimously elected.

S. C. FESSENDEN, Esq., President. G. W. WIGGIN, Esq., Vice-President. REV. W. H. LITTLEFIELD, Secretary. M. C. ANDREWS, Treasurer.

SAMUEL ALBEE, JOSEPH WALKER, G. W. KIMBALL, REV. F. WALLACE, REV. J. O. SKINNER. Executive Committee.

The President and Secretary are, ex-officio, members of the Executive Committee. Very interesting and effective addresses were made by S. C. Fessenden, Esq., Rev. J. O. Skinner, F. Wallace, W. H. Littlefield and Henry Butler, and by Messrs. Samuel Albee and Henry Paige. These exercises were interspersed by singing from the choir.

On motion, it was voted that the Executive Committee be instructed to arrange a system of visiting and distribution by which every family in the city may be supplied with a copy of the Bible, and make the same known to the several religious societies.

A collection was taken, for the benefit of the Society, and the exercises of the evening were then closed by the singing of the doxology, to the tune of "Old Hundred." Rev. J. O. Skinner pronouncing the benediction. This meeting was in all respects a very interesting one, and the Bible Society eminently deserves the support of our citizens. The object of the Rockland Bible Society, which is auxiliary to the American Bible Society of New York, is to circulate the Old and New Testament Scriptures in the commonly received version, giving its Bibles to those who are too poor to buy, and selling them to others at a very small advance beyond the actual cost. The operations of the Society for the past year, it will be seen, have not been large, but we trust that under the plan which shall be reported by the Executive Committee, its benevolent work may be more widely effective in the future.

Before the close of the meeting Rev. Mr. Littlefield notified a meeting of the Executive Committee to be held at the store of G. W. Kimball, on Tuesday afternoon, and we give below the proceedings of the Committee, as they have been kindly furnished us by the Secretary:

THURSDAY, March 1, 1859. The Executive Committee met at the store of G. W. Kimball at 2 P. M. Present, G. W. Kimball, S. Albee, W. H. Littlefield, J. O. Skinner.

1st. Chose G. W. Kimball Chairman.

2d. Called up the instructions given to the Committee at the Annual Meeting, on Sunday evening last.

3d. Voted to propose to the several churches, that they shall take each a certain portion of the city to canvass, as follows:—

Free Will Baptist Church, Ward 1. Second Baptist Church, Ward 2. Congregational Church, Ward 3. First Baptist Church, Ward 4. Universalist Church, Ward 5. Methodist Episcopal Church, Ward 6.

Ward 7 is left in the hands of a sub-committee consisting of Messrs Littlefield and Albee to secure canvassers for that ward.

4th Voted, That the Agent who may canvass the city be requested to report to the Executive Committee the number of Bibles sold, the number given away, the number of families found destitute of the Scriptures, in their respective districts.

5th Voted, That the Agents be instructed to give a Bible to every family destitute of it where they can not sell one. The Agents are to exercise their own discretion in furnishing Bibles and Testaments in large type to persons who can not read fine print; and also Testaments to Sunday School Scholars.

W. H. LITTLEFIELD, Secretary.

Mr. J. F. STONE will open a Juvenile Dancing School, at Beal's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon the 9th inst., which will be continued on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Mr. Singh is a well-qualified teacher of dancing, and has sustained the most orderly and best conducted schools which have been kept in the city. Those who wish their children to learn this popular accomplishment will not have a better opportunity than the present.

In our notice of the exhibit last week, we accidentally omitted to mention the name of Miss Sarah F. Harrington, who sang the song entitled "Dream On" in a manner which elicited very favorable remarks.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN, a Magazine for Sunday Schools and Families, published monthly in Cincinnati, at 25 cents per year, is an excellent little publication for children, well suited, to make them lovers of the good and true.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has come to hand, and is an excellent number of this excellent magazine. Its tone is unexceptionable and its articles good. Published in Philadelphia at \$2.00 per year.

PORTLAND HARBOR IN A SNOW STORM.—No better evidence of the facility of ingress to and egress from Port Land Harbor could be afforded, than the fact that the steamer Indian sailed promptly for that port on Saturday afternoon for Liverpool, in the midst of one of the thickest snow storms we have had this winter.

From Apawau. New York, Feb. 26.—A telegraph despatch from Panama, received the day the E. Drummond sailed, states that the ship-of-war Decatur had gone to the Gulf of Fonseca to watch for filibusters expected there in the steamship Germania from San Francisco.

For the Gazette.

Mr. Editor.—Mr. Smart, the member from Camden, in a speech in the House of Representatives, Feb. 22, 1859, has referred to my appearance before the Committee on division of Counties, and I propose briefly to reply. He says that I "came to Augusta to interfere, without instructions from the City Government, which I failed to obtain; and that through my instrumentality and that of my friends, the City Government met, and that I attempted to get instructions, but failed. In reply to this, I have simply to say that neither I nor my friends had anything to do with the meeting of the City Council. It was a regular meeting, nor had I anything to do with the attempted resolutions of instructions. He further says that I came there and took the ground that if Rockland was not made the Shire-town there must be no new county. Now, I will appeal to his own friends from Camden, and to the Committee, if I did not say that the citizens of Rockland were almost unanimously in favor of a new county, and further that we were willing the matter, of the shire-town should be determined by a vote of the people of the proposed new county. He further says, that I acted on my own responsibility, and he hopes I will not hereafter shrink from the responsibility of the act. I will say that I pretended to act only on my own responsibility, and I shall not hesitate to assume all the responsibility of my course.

He says, further, that a renouncement was presented to the Committee, signed by the members of the House and Senate from Lincoln and Waldo, and that, doubtless, I had a hand in this disreputable *con-duct*. I think it is not very flattering to the delegation from Lincoln and Waldo to say that they would do a disreputable act, even at my suggestion. I shall leave them to settle the propriety of the act with the member from Camden, but would suggest that, if it was perfectly proper for the member from Camden to go before the Committee and make a two hours' speech which he had previously delivered in the House, it might not be very disreputable for the other members to explain their views to the Committee in a modest protest.

I regret that the Representative from Camden should so lay this thing to heart. I supposed he had accomplished all he expected to when he first started this new county project. "On that memorable day when, with life and drum," he first announced himself as a candidate for Legislative honors, on this new county platform, it was supposed by all who knew him that his object was to get an election and get control of the democratic organization. This he has done. The reason we had for this belief was that for three years while we had been striving for a new county, neither his life nor drum, nor even his voice had ever been heard in its favor, although the same reasons then existed as at this time.

But I will not attempt to follow this Buncombe speech, for it is evidently for Buncombe. What had the Col.'s work in a saw mill to do with the question of recommitting the report with instructions? But in connection with an anecdote it may somewhat illustrate this case. A young man, very loud spoken and noisy, on being asked the reason for it, said his father worked in a saw-mill. Perhaps the Col.'s saw-mill experience has something to do with the great noise about Knox County with Camden for shire-town by legislative enactment.

Rockland is the only town in the State with five thousand inhabitants which is not a shire-town and she is increasing in all her material interests as fast as any other. It is the principal place of trade for all this Line Rock Valley, so well portrayed by the Col. and I predict is destined to be the first town in commercial importance east of Portland and ought to be and will be the shire-town of the New County, whenever it is formed.

I regret the Col. has allowed himself, in his zeal, to dwell upon a remark of one of his own most willing witnesses, that "Rockland was not a suitable place to hold courts," and have no doubt but that he already regrets making the remark he is reported to have made. The character of the citizens of Rockland, as an orderly, quiet, industrious people, needs no vindication.

N. A. FARWELL.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS! An old nurse for children. Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on Earth. No Mother who has ever tried Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children will ever consent to let her child pass through the distressing and critical period of teething without the aid of this invaluable preparation. If life and health can be estimated by dollars and cents, it is worth its weight in gold.

Millions of Bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

DEYGENATED BITTERS is a safe and sure remedy for Dyspepsia, Asthma and General Debility. Let all afflicted with any of these painful diseases, try the Bitters and they will be satisfied. It never fails to relieve the worst cases.

THE BAND'S LEVEE, on Friday evening of last week, was a very agreeable entertainment. The hall and stage were appropriately decorated with flags, bunting and pictures, and refreshments were provided in liberal store. The Band dispensed their best notes, and the evening was closed with a social dance. A large company was present and the gross receipts were about \$90.

The Gospel Banner of a recent date, quoting a paragraph from our paper with reference to the Universalist Levee in this city, in which we said that "a very large company, indeed, a liberal crowd," we pardon the blunder, and accept the compliment, which is not unjust for when our citizens are called upon to patronize any of these commendable entertainments, the beneficiaries generally find them to merit the appellation of "a liberal crowd."

We are indebted to Col. Williams, and also to J. G. Blaine, Esq., for a copy of the report of the latter on the "System of Disbursements, Labor and Discipline in the Maine State Prison." We may refer to the Report hereafter.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this valuable periodical. We commend it to the patronage of our musical friends.

AN EDITOR down east thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons now-a-days, as he has seen several gentlemen chasing hoops in our streets.

MR. SUMNER IMPROVING.—Information is received from Hon. Charles Sumner, that his health is much improved, and that he will return early in the spring. He will be present to occupy his seat in the Senate, should an extra session be called.

We have only room to say, as we go to press, that Andrew's Panorama of the Rake's Progress (the best work of the kind ever exhibited here) will be on exhibition at Bethoven Hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings.

For the Gazette.

The Proper Sphere and Influence of Woman.

NUMBER SIX.

It is time that the proper sphere and influence of woman in society should be defined and described. I have shown negatively what it is not. I will now state positively what it is, and after what has been said this is no difficult task. Indeed the reader must have already arrived at the conclusions which will conclude these papers. Home is the sphere of woman. And what a world is home. Reader, compare it with the word camp—compare it with the word home—compare it with the word convent—compare it with the word congress—compare it with the word factory—and how much more agreeable is woman's association with the former than with any of the latter. In connection with any of those words woman seems inappropriate and misplaced; but in connection with the word home there is naturally associated a feeling of fitness, a feeling of appropriateness. Now this fact settles the question—what is the sphere of woman? It tells us where God intended her to move—it tells us where we ought ever to find her—not in the camp, marching with the soldier, but at home—not in the nursery, wasting her life, but at home—not in the stormy debates of congress, but at home—not in the court of justice, dealing in the severities of the law, but amid the charities of home—not in the greasy factory, but at home, amid the quiet and peace of the domestic life, and which she is both the source and recipient. Besides, it is only at home and in connection with home that man finds woman to be his complement. In no other situation she can fill, in no other sphere in which she can move, will she answer the end of her being as at home. This fact, also, settles the question—what is the sphere of woman? In the camp she must either be the superior, the subordinate or the equal of man, but cannot be his complement or perfecter. In the harem she is his slave. In the nursery she has violently torn asunder the ties which bind her to society. And it makes little odds whether she be a legislator or lawyer, or a drudge and slave in a factory, she loses everything but her sex and weaknesses.

A question naturally arises here, how shall woman be fitted for her station? how is she to be adjusted to her place? All the means and appliances must be put in operation in order that woman may fill her place in the manner and to the extent that the social relations of society demand. She must be educated. Her education must begin early in life. She must be taught the importance and influence of her sphere. It is useless to say that every woman should be acquainted with the common branches of education, such as our common schools afford. Music and drawing, and painting and embroidery, and a smattering of French, and Italian, a little heavy German and clumsy Dutch, are all so many acquisitions which may serve a parlor conversation, and amuse and please, for the time, the drawing-room party, and may be exceedingly useful in various situations in life. Nor will I, nor can any man, object to woman's dabbling in the "ologies of the day. There is geology, ethnology, conchology, entomology, biology, phenology and astrology, if you please,—all of them in their place instructive and profitable, even for a woman to know. But there are other "ologies of which no woman can remain ignorant if she intends to move in her sphere as she ought. There is the sublime science of washology, and its sister, lakeology. There is dermatology and serology, and oology in the widest sense and usefulness, a science the more it is studied and practiced, the more are its professors appreciated, sought and loved.

All this kind of knowledge must be attended to in a system of female education, that pretends to prepare woman for the duties of life. The knowledge of housekeeping is not only not beneath her notice and regard, but is essentially necessary if she is to be at home, what home expects her to be,—if she is at all to fill her place with credit to herself and comfort to those with whom she may be associated, as daughter or sister, as wife or mother, as instructress or friend, or to any other relationship she may sustain to general society.

Woman's influence is general, may, universal. Where woman is she makes herself felt, but where woman is enlightened by education, she makes herself felt for good through every ramification of society. Like the light and heat of the sun, which diffuse themselves everywhere, so, everywhere are the indications of her presence and her spirit. From the cellar to the attic there are marks of her tidy hand and thoughtful heart. The well-ordered kitchen owns her sway. The bed-room and parlor and drawing-room confess her authority. The well-ordered table reflects the bounties her gentle heart and hand suggested and prepared. Children smile in her approval, or grieve under her frown. Old men regard her as a ministering spirit, to cheer and comfort them when every other source of joy has gone.

She is the light of the dwelling when the dark cloud of adversity envelopes it, and when death hovers the threshold and with ruthless hand snatches away from it the valued and dear. It is her hand which wipes away the tear, it is her meek and quiet demeanor and calm submission which soothes and tranquilizes the troubled mourner. Her influence is chiefly felt at home, but nevertheless is felt and acknowledged abroad. It reaches the school-room, and college. It finds its way into the workshop, the busy store and the Bank. And though woman is out of place in congress, still, no one will deny that she exercises her magic influence in these high places of our land, and modifies the actions of our representatives, senators, and rulers. Her influence is powerful, extensive. It is mighty. It is like the light and heat of the sun, it revives, subdues, enlightens, raises and purifies every one that comes in its way. Her influence, is eminently good. It works silently. It is meek, and yet majestic. Like the gentle dew it falls, unharmed. Her influence is refining and polishing. It rubs down the coarseness of man. It frowns vulgarly out of sight, and the pert and upstart are ashamed in its presence. Where her influence is disregarded and trodden under foot, there is savage, heartless cruelty, and beastly detestation. In the presence of a well educated and good woman the lips of the profane are sealed and the tongue of the obscene is locked in his jaws. But her influence must be contemplated in detail; hence we may look at woman in her various relationships.

She first of all appears in the relationship of daughter. Now, does not the very utterance of the word daughter suggest to the mind of every parent, a kind and an amount of influence alike powerful and pleasing, alike extensive and intense. Is she not the very soul, the life and heart of the family circle? She is her mother's companion,—her father's friend and confidant. To her father, she ministers of the rich of her gladness, of her sparkling wit, of her tender sympathy, and of her ardent devotion.

her tender sympathy, and of her ardent devotion. feelings, when at his own happy fireside he is solacing himself from the fatigues and cares of the day. Where is the father that does not know that all this is true? And what father but feels almost as great a blank at home from the absence of his daughter as from the absence of his wife? What father but longs for the presence of the one as for the presence of the other? And thus she is the charm of the family in the season of joy, is she not the sorrow of the family in the hour of trouble?

She is married,—but how different are the feelings of the parent on the marriage of a son. The anxiety of the parent follows and dwells on the married daughter. The son is considered on his own work. The old tie is drawn tighter now that she is bound by a new one—the old feelings are tenderer now that she is no longer under their control—the old charm she threw over the family circle is all the more enchanting now that she revisits it in her new capacity.

It would be improper to leave this thought without looking at woman as a sister. And what power does she exert in this capacity, especially if she be an elder sister. She is the parent, in the mother's stead. How does she bustle about among the little children and manage to keep them all in order. She is the depository of their property, she is the keeper of their secrets, she is the medium of intercourse in important affairs, in which they wish to have a little of their own will, between them and their parents. She hides their faults from each other and their parents, but encourages them always to do right. Their persons, their food, their apparel—their health, their cleanliness, their comfort, their confidence, their peace their joy—all are embraced in the wide range of an elder sister's care. What would the lads in a family do without their eldest sister, and what would they not do for their eldest sister? They love her next to their mother. They are jealous of her reputation, her careful of her safety. They joy in her joy, and her sorrows, in which they can share, are their sorrows. They live in her life, and when she dies they thus live—

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely
Gleamed the summer's dawn,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees."

Our annual municipal election will be held next Monday. Each party will run its own candidates, no satisfactory arrangements for a citizens' ticket having been made. The Republican caucus to-night will doubtless renominate our present worthy Mayor, and we look to see him returned to the office which he has held, by the vote of next Monday.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—The exhibition given by the Methodist Sabbath School, on Tuesday evening, was an interesting entertainment. The exercises were generally creditable to the school and pleasing to the audience. Such was the attendance, and the satisfaction manifested, that, by request, the exhibition is to be repeated on Thursday evening. We hope that a large audience will be in attendance.

The City Council held its last session for the municipal year on Monday evening. After the close of the session, Mayor Wiggins entertained the members of the two Boards at his residence, and we understand a very pleasant time was enjoyed. Our City Government have a very pleasant way of burying all their political animosities in a bowl of oyster stew, at the close of their year's labor, and parting in the greatest harmony. Moreover they do not vote themselves refreshments, but pay for them out of their own pockets.

In the State Senate, on Tuesday, the Committee on Division of Counties reported "leave to withdraw" on the petition for Knox county, which report was accepted and went to the House for concurrence. In the House, Mr. Smart moved to recommit, with instructions to report a bill for the new county with Camden as the shire-town; that they be instructed to provide that the term of Court now held here shall be continued for five years from last October, thereafter to be held at Camden; that they be instructed to provide that the Registry of Deeds at Thomaston be continued there as the Registry for Knox County for five years from last October, thereafter to be held at Camden; that they be instructed to provide for the submission of the bill to the people of the proposed county in May, for acceptance or rejection; that if Searmont or Islesboro' give a majority against the bill they may remain in Waldo, and that if either of these towns give such a majority against the project their votes shall not be counted in determining the result. Mr. Smart then addressed the House at great length upon the history and merits of the case, but gave way before he had finished, to Mr. Burbank of Lewiston, who moved an adjournment of the House in reverence to the memory of Washington, and the bill has accordingly adjourned. Mr. Smart concluded his argument on Wednesday, after which the House concurred in accepting the Committee's report, without a division.

GENEROUS DONATION TO MOUNT VERNON. The following letter, received on Tuesday by Mr. Everett, has been handed us for insertion:

New York, Feb. 21.
HON. EDWARD EVERETT:
Dear Sir.—We have with pleasure observed your devotion to the noble cause of rescuing from neglect and dilapidation the tomb of the great man who sacrificed so much to secure the liberties of our country. It is, we think a stigma upon our national government that this work, which devolved wholly upon individuals, but which would be still a greater disgrace if the patriotic women, who have been so nobly seconded by yourself, should fail in their endeavor to raise the necessary funds to purchase Mount Vernon.

Feeling a desire to have a hand in this good work, we accordingly enclose you our check for Five Hundred Dollars (\$500). We may perhaps remark in this connection, that the example of the proprietor of the New York Ledger who has during twelve months patronized the press through our Advertising Agency to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars, has made some light in inducing us to offer this contribution.

Hoping that it will stimulate others besides ourselves, believe us to be,

Very truly yours,
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO.

A LONG SEARCH.—In 1851, the wife of Giles R. Reeder, of Canaan, Ohio, abandoned her husband, subsequently carrying off her little son, three years old. The husband, after a constant search, during which time he has been constantly on the track, recently recovered the child in Long Island. The child had learned morally, mentally, and physically, while his little body weighs less by near four pounds than when stolen from his father and friends.

THE GREAT GRANDPARENT OF SLUGGISH RIDES.—Seven hundred and fifty persons, drawn by one hundred and twenty horses, rode from Holyoke to Springfield and back on Saturday, the 5th. They were the employees in the Holyoke mills, and were accompanied by their overseers and the agent of the company. The teams were decorated with flags and evergreens, and the grand procession passing through the principal streets of the town, exchanged happy greetings with the thousands that were drawn to witness the spectacle, and created great excitement whenever it went.—Northampton Courier.

WAGES ADVANCING.—The manufacturing company of Fall River and Newburyport will advance the wages of the operatives from the first of March. In Newburyport the advance will be about eight per cent, and in Fall River about one-third of the reduction during the late hard times. This looks like returning prosperity.

Murder of Phillip Barton Key.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—This community is thrown into an intense excitement to-day by the killing of Phillip Barton Key, the United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, at the hand of Daniel E. Sickles. According to report, Mr. Sickles, becoming convinced of the truth of certain scandalous rumors involving his wife, resolved to redress his wrongs. At about two o'clock this afternoon, proceeding from his residence, near the President's house, to the southeast corner of Lafayette Square, in the same neighborhood where Mr. Key was engaged in conversation with Mr. Butterworth of N. Y. He charged Mr. Key with having dishonored him and destroyed his domestic peace, and shot him with a revolver, one of the balls of which struck the body near the middle of the chest, and passed through to the corresponding point on the opposite side, lodging under the skin. Another shot took effect in the right thigh, near the main artery, when Mr. Key fell imploring Mr. Sickles not to kill him. The third shot was in the right side, but glanced from the body, inflicting only a bruise. Death ensued in a few moments. The body was taken into the National Club House, when a jury of inquest was held, who after an examination into the circumstances of some hours, returned a verdict, merely stating that the death of Mr. Key was from the effects of pistol shots as above stated, fired by Sickles.

After Mr. Sickles had killed Mr. Key he repaired to the residence of Attorney Gen. Black, where he was advised to deliver himself into the hands of the officers, who subsequently conveyed him to jail to which he was committed for further examination to-morrow. The facts which led to the tragedy will probably judicially transpire.

The accounts by various papers present that for more than a year there has been rumors afloat of improper intercourse between Mr. Sickles and Mr. Key. Mr. S. had heard of these rumors and on Sunday morning, Mr. Sickles, in the presence of two witnesses, charged his wife with having had illicit intercourse with Mr. Key. At first Mrs. Sickles declared her innocence, Mr. Sickles then paraded before her the evidence. She became overwhelmed, faint, and finally confessed her guilt. Mr. Sickles, not satisfied with her verbal confession, desired Mrs. Sickles to make confession in writing. She complied.

Mr. Sickles residence is opposite the White House. In full view, on the other side of the square, is the Washington Club House, where Mr. Key frequented, and from the windows of which he was in the habit of telegraphing her with his white handkerchief. If Mr. Sickles was absent, she was in the habit of returning the signal.

From the Tribune correspondence we take the following:

I learn that after Mrs. Sickles confessed her guilt, her husband demanded her to return him her wedding ring, and desired her to write to her father to send for her and take her away. Her father is Antonio Baglioli, an Italian music master in New York city, where he has resided about thirty years. Her mother's name was Cook, and was born in New York.

Mr. Sickles married his wife when she was sixteen years of age. He took her to England with him when he was Secretary of Legation at London under Mr. Buchanan; introduced her to the Queen; carried her to the Continent and introduced her into the most fashionable society. Mr. Sickles loved her with great devotion, and lavished all his means upon her. They lived in elegant style here, occupying a house of \$3000 rent. Mrs. Sickles rode in a splendid carriage with outriders; wore jewels to the value of \$5000, and seemed to want nothing that she did not have.

Mr. Key is nephew of Judge Taney, and brother-in-law of Mr. Pendleton, Member of Congress from Ohio. The father of Mr. Key was the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." Key and Sickles were both the intimate friends of the President.

Important from Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 27.—The steamship Tennessee has arrived from Vera Cruz, 22d inst. Miramon was still at Orizaba with 4000 men and was collecting forced loans everywhere. He had formed a cabinet consisting of Larranaga, Minister of Foreign Relations; Lagaceta, Minister of Finance, and Castillo, Minister of War.

There were 4050 liberal troops at Zacatecas, and another body at Morelia.

The Progress of the 16th, states that the French and English commanders notified the captain of the American sloop-of-war Saratoga, that they should leave the Tennessee to see if any filibusters were on board. The captain of the Saratoga intimated that they could not do so while his ship was near enough to prevent it.

The Foreign Ministers at the Capital had not received Miramon's President.

The English and French squadrons were in a hostile attitude before Vera Cruz, and favoring Miramon and the church party. They will attack the city from the sea, while Miramon does the same from the land side.

The English and French merchants at Vera Cruz, have renounced the protection of their own flag, and placed themselves under the American flag.

THE BOY MURDER TRIAL AT BANGOR.—Verdict of Acquittal. BANGOR, Feb. 27.—The trial of young Crosby for the homicide of his school-fellow, Lowell, in 1857, has been in progress here for the past four days, and has been watched with great interest by the whole community. After very able arguments for the defense by ex-Gov. Kent, and for the government by Chas. S. Crosby, County Attorney, the case was given to the jury by Judge Hathaway about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and at half past six a verdict of acquittal was rendered. The indictment was for man-slaughter. Messrs. Waterhouse of Boston, and Knowles were associated with Gov. Kent in the defense.

A FARMER'S LIBRARY.—Dr. Johnson being once asked who he deemed the most miserable wretch, "A man who cannot entertain himself with a book on a rainy day." Were the question put, "What farmers are likely to make the most rapid progress and improvement in husbandry?" the answer would be, other things being equal, those who read more on the subject of their vocation. A man who reads little meditation what his vocation is, he is likely to think little, and act chiefly with reference to tradition received from former generations, or else in imitation of what is going on about him. There is always hope of a man who loves reading, study and reflection. Not all who buy books, and who patronize the circulating library, are readers. There is a class of fancy book buyers, who purchase freely and expensively, but who

